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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONVALESCENCE.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

Hold my hand, little sister, and nurse my head whilst I try to remember the word—
What is it?—that the doctor says is now fairly established both in me and my bird:
C-O-N- *con, with a con,* S-T-A-N- *stan, with a stan*—
No! that's Constantinople, that's the capital of the country where rhubarb—and—magnesia comes from,
And I wish they would keep it in that country, and not send it to this.
C-O-N- *con-* how my head swims! Now I've got it—
C-O-N-V-A-L-E-S-C-E-N-C-E. *Convalescence!*
And that's what the doctor says is now fairly established both in my blackbird and me.
He says it means that you are better, and that you'll be well by and by.
And so the Sea Captain says we ought to be friends, because we're both convalescents, at least we're all three convalescents, the blackbird, and the captain, and I.

He's a sea captain, not a land captain, but, all the same, he was in the war.
And he fought, for I asked him, and he's been ill ever since, and that's why he's not afloat but ashore;
And why somebody else has got his ship, and she behaved beautifully in the battle, and he loves her quite as much as his wife
And rather better than the rest of his relations, for I asked him; and now he's afraid she will never belong to him any more.

I like him. I've seen him three times out walking with two sticks, when I was driving in the bath-chair, but I never talked to him till to-day.
He'd only one stick and a telescope, and he let me look through it at the big ship that was coming round the corner into the bay; he was very kind, and let me ask questions. I said,
"Are you a sea captain?" and he said, "Yes." And I said, "How funny it is about land things and sea things!
There are captains and sea captains, and weeds and sea weeds, and serpents and sea serpents.
Did you ever meet one, and is it really like the dragons on our very old best blue tea things?"
But he never did. So I asked him, "Have you got convalescence? Does your doctor say it is fairly established?
Do your eyes ache if you try to read, and your neck if you draw, and your back if you sit up, and your head if you talk?
Don't you get tired of doing nothing, and worse tired still if you do anything; and does everything wobble about when you walk?
Wouldn't you rather go back to bed? I think I would. Don't you wish you were well? Wouldn't you rather be ill than only better?
I do hate convalescence, don't you?"

Then I stopped asking, and he shut up his telescope, and sat down on the shingle, and said, "When you come to my age, little chap, you won't think
'What is it I'd rather have?' but 'What is it I've got to do?'
'What have I got to do or to bear; and how can I do it or bear it the best?'
That's the only safe point to make for, my lad. Make for it, and leave the rest!"
I said, "But wouldn't you rather be in battles than in bed, with your head aching as if it would split?"
And he said, "Of course I would; so would most men.
But, my little convalescent, that's not it. What would you think of a man who was ordered into battle, and went grumbling and wishing he were in bed?"

"What should I think of the fellow? Why, I should know he was a coward," I said.
"And if he were confined to bed," said the Sea Captain, "and lay grumbling and wishing he were in battle, I should give him no better a name.
For the courage that dares, and the courage that bears, are really one and the same."

Hold my hand, little sister, and nurse my head, for I'm thinking, and I very much fear
You've had no good of being well since I was ill; I've led you such a life; but, indeed, I am obliged to you, Dear!
Is it true that nurse has got something the matter with her legs, and that Mary has gone home because she's worn out with nursing,
And won't be fit to work for months? (Will she be convalescent, because it was such hard work waiting on me?)
And did cook say, "So much grumbling and complaining is nigh as big a sin as swearing and cursing?"
I wish I hadn't been so cross with poor Mary, and I wish I hadn't given so much trouble about my medicine and my food.
I didn't think about her. I only thought what a bother it was. I wish I hadn't thought so much about being miserable, that
I never thought about trying to be good.
I believe the Sea Captain is right, and I shall tell him so to-morrow when he comes here to tea.
He's going to look at my blackbird's leg, and if it is really set, he wants me to let it go free.
He says Captivity is worse than Convalescence, and so I should think it must be.

Are you tired, little sister? You feel shaky. Don't beg my pardon, I beg yours. I've not let you go out of my sight for weeks.
Get your things on and have a gallop on Jack.
Ride round this way, and let me see you, I won't say a word about wishing I was going too; and if my head gets bad whilst you're away,
I will bear it my very best till you come back. Tell me one thing before you start.
If I learn to be patient, shall I learn to be brave, do you think? The Sea Captain says so.

He says, "Self-command is the making of a man," and he's a finely made man himself, so he ought to know.
Perhaps, if I try hard at Convalescence now, I may become a brave sea captain hereafter, and take my beautiful ship into battle,
And bring her out again with flying colors and fame. If the courage that dares, and the courage that bears, are really one and the same.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

"When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all Truth."—JOHN xvi. 13.

The Spirit of Truth is the Spirit of God. It is what Paul almost always calls the Holy Spirit. As the Holy Spirit it has been worshipped as a separate Person in some forms of the Christian religion.

Jesus says, in this most pathetic conversation at the supper, that the Spirit of Truth will guide us into all Truth. And we are always to remember how steadfastly he relies on this Spirit of Truth for the continuance of his religion.

"I shall go away," he says. It is even necessary for us that he should go away. "But I will send you another Comforter, who will abide with you forever." And this other Comforter is this Spirit of Truth. It is indeed the Spirit of God himself. "He shall be with you. He shall bring all things into your remembrance which I have said." It is in curious contrast with the eager reverence with which we regard the printed word, that he makes no reference even to the probability of such a book, but refers us always to the Holy Spirit.

And the proper description of the Christian religion is in this promise. Jesus Christ himself shows how. The Spirit of Truth, or the Holy Spirit, may be incarnate in man. Jesus promises his followers that this Holy Spirit, this very Spirit of God, shall be incarnate in them. He brings God to man by raising man to true communion with God. And so the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, guides man, the child of God, formed in his likeness, into all Truth.

Here is the fulfilment of the central petition of the Lord's Prayer—its central and essential petition—that "Thy Will may be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." In proportion as the Spirit of Truth comes into men's lives and men's affairs, they do God's will, as precisely as planets move, as the sun shines, as the host of heaven proclaim God's greatness and his love.

Here are John and Andrew, going about their daily business. Now, just so far as the Spirit of Truth is in them, they both work with God and as he works. They are a part of his work. They fulfil his will. And John as he directs his apprentices in the shop, or Andrew as he plants his corn in the field, does God's will on earth as it is done in heaven. They live and move and have their being in their God. And he lives in them, he works his will by their hands, loves when they love, and in their success succeeds.

For our daily lives, then, it is all importa

that we remember that the Spirit of Truth may thus inspire us, and we become fellow-workmen together with God. Nor is our view of our Saviour high enough, nor our sense of the Christian gospel grateful enough, unless we bear in mind the historical truth that he did open men's eyes to the vision, and their hearts to the certainty, that they can live in God, and that God wishes to live in them. This is the announcement made in the gospel from first to last. It is made from the word Emmanuel—God with us—in the beginning of Matthew, to the last prayer of the supper before he went to the garden of Gethsemane. "I have made known to them thy name, and I will make it known."—*Edward E. Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O majesty unspeakable and dread!
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief,
Too little for our heart.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room
For all things in its lap to lie;
We should be crushed by a magnificence
Short of infinity.

But what is infinite must be a home,
A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth,
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite; 'tis ours,
For we and it alike are thine;
What I enjoy, great God! by right of Thee,
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'Tis goodness bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are
When those they love are near.

Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that Thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me;
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, Eternity!

—*F. W. Faber.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., offers the following: "Destiny of Man," John Fiske; "Handbook of Punctuation," M. T. Bigelow; "Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced," W. H. Phyfe; "Lovely Mary," Alice Hegan Rice; "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," Kate Sanborn.

For music, for requests or offers, address Mrs. Thomas Lacy, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

NOTICE.

Please take notice that all letters for the Book Club must be at hand by the first of the month previous to date of publication, also written in ink and on one side only of the paper.

REQUESTS.

1. If it is not asking too much, would you please send me the books "Ben Hur," "Ruby's Reward," and "Which loved him Best?" Thanking you all for the books and magazines I've received in the past, Miss Myra Dodd, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. 2.

2. Mrs. Wiley Watson, Whittles, Virginia, asks for light reading.

3. Mrs. S. G. Brown, Ansonville, North Carolina, Route 1, mother of seven children,—two boys, ages sixteen and fourteen,—asks for reading for her boys and a Bible for herself.

4. We live in the country about eighteen miles from town. Our father is a renter. We would love to get any good reading matter; would be very grateful if some one would send us a small Bible suitable for Sunday-school. For reference, Eld. Dan Wheeler, Triplet, North Carolina. Alice and Manda Anderson, Mt. Zion, North Carolina.

5. It has been a long while since I wrote you asking for any reading. I shall appreciate any good books that can be sent me. I should be very glad if some one could send me the *Cheerful Letter.* I enjoy reading it very much. I should also like to have

you send the *Ladies Home Journal* and something wholesome and instructive for my children to read. Thanking all for past favors and wishing you much joy and many blessings, (Mrs.) S. M. Trevey, Snowden, Amherst County, Virginia.

6. I live in a lonely place, and would be glad for some reading matter. Please send me some scraps for patchwork, as they would help to pass the lonely hours. As this is my first attempt to write, I refer you to Rev. J. H. Lane, Athens, Tennessee, R. 1. Mrs. Fannie King, R. D. 8, Athens, Tennessee.

7. Mrs. Lillie M. Pace, Athens, Texas, spends the greater part of her time alone and will be grateful for reading, "Thelma" and "Beulah" being especially asked for.

8. Mrs. J. Turner Rakes, Floyd, Virginia, R. 1, Box 23, will very much appreciate reading, especially *Needlecraft* and *American Woman*.

9. This is my second letter to you. I would like very much to receive any good story magazines, or anything to read. I am married, but have no children and am lonesome, so will be glad of any good reading to help pass away the time. My minister is Rev. L. L. Smyth. Mrs. Edd Lefler, Ansonville, North Carolina.

10. *Ladies Home Journal*, and any reading for herself, also picture books and cards for her small children,—she has five, ages from thirteen to two years,—will be appreciated by Mrs. Nannie J. Smith, Ivy, Tennessee.

11. *World's Work* is asked for by Mrs. J. F. Persitt, Whitsett, North Carolina.

12. I live in the country on a small farm. I am the mother of nine children, have been helpless for six years, cannot do any work to pass the time. I should be very grateful if some one would send me some good books or magazines to read to cheer and brighten the lonely hours; should also appreciate a cook book. My daughter Annie would be very glad to receive good magazines and books, also to receive music lessons for her little sister—first or second grade lessons. Mrs. Mary Kepley, Norwood, North Carolina, R. D. 2, Box 64.

13. Miss Lucy Rogers, Halifax, North Carolina, Route 2, asks for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

14. Mrs. Ellen Washington, Endicott, Virginia, will be glad of light reading.

15. Rev. Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine, asks for a good type Bible for an old lady in her eighty-third year.

16. Bibles are asked for by Mrs. Percy B. Starbird, Lisbon Falls, Maine, R. D., Box 46; Lucy Foley, eleven years old, Fayerdale, Virginia; Mrs. Walter Hooper, Tellico Plains, Tennessee; Mrs. Fannie Kendall, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 35.

17. A cook-book is asked for by Mr. M. N. Royal, Cottage Grove, Alabama, for a woman starting housekeeping.

18. Would be glad to get the copies *Unity* and the small magazine, *New Thought*. The Cheerful Letter Exchange has been in my life for twenty-four years. Mrs. M. E. Oades, 770 Commercial Street, Portland, Oregon.

19. Mrs. Cassie Gardner, Pulaski, Virginia, lonely and poor, would love good reading.

20. Annie Sutphen, Pulaski, Virginia, age fifteen, a very lonely girl that is an orphan, sure would appreciate the help of *Cheerful Letter* friends. Any reading would be appreciated so much by her. Pieces of any kind she would be grateful for. Remember her, Dear *Cheerful Letter* people, for life is so very lonely for her, her sisters and brother scattered among the world. For reference Rev. Jim Commings, Allisonia, Virginia.

21. Mrs. M. H. Lincoln, Burt Street, East Norton, Massachusetts, asks for books suitable for making scrap-books. She is fond of saving all gems of literature that come in her way, and cannot find books suitable for the purpose. Any such books will be gratefully received.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MORE FREEDOM FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

Every young mother who cares for her babe without a nurse is confronted by the danger of becoming one-sided, of developing her maternal qualities to the exclusion of all others. There are always so many little things to be done when baby sleeps, and he demands so much attention when he is awake, that one's whole life becomes devoted to him. There is no time left for going to see old friends, and they are rare friends who conduct one-sided calling. Besides, considerate people are afraid of trespassing upon a mother's time.

How can the mother escape this danger and keep out of the rut? In the first place every mother needs to have some object aside from housework and caring for her

child. Is she fond of music? If so, it is likely that baby is, also. One infant that I know will listen a half-hour, or even longer, to his mother's practising. In fact, he stops fretting to listen. That amount of time, or even less, each day, will refresh one's memory of some old-time melody, or even give opportunity for practising something new. Of course, it will not make a fine pianist, but it will make it possible to play a little for the husband in the evening and will add sweetness to her own life. Also it is infinitely better for baby than to be held continually or to be talked to and played with each moment.

Working in this interrupted way is not easy, and in doing it one may not attain the heights of success which she might reach by uninterrupted labor, but she avoids falling into a rut and eliminates from her life the elements of drudgery.

I know of one mother fortunate enough to own a horse and surrey; she writes to her friends: "Come in about three o'clock this afternoon and I'll take you for a drive. Baby and I go out at that time each day, and then he is always good, so you and I can chat comfortably." Almost every one, though she may have no horse, has some acquaintance near who will take a walk with her, while she wheels baby for his outing. Certainly she should seek every opportunity for mingling with people, and when such chances offer, she should carefully avoid too much conversation about the baby. This is a bore to people in general, and in keeping the subject before her own mind she fails to secure recreation and new thought from the companionship.

Why is it not a good idea to read while the child is nursing? Twenty minutes every two or three hours will amount to considerable in the course of a week. A paper that reviews the happenings of the week or month, the new books, scientific progress and the like, is easily held, and thus one may keep up with the world outside of the nursery.—*Jennie Campbell Douglass in Good Housekeeping.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELBERFELD HORSES.

(*Continued from February number.*)

Muhamed receives our thanks in the form of a lordly portion of carrots; and a pupil is introduced whose attainments do not tower so high above mine: Händschen, the little pony, quick and lively as a big rat. Like me, he has never gone beyond elementary arithmetic; and so we shall understand each other better and meet on equal terms.

Krall asks me for two numbers to multiply. I give him 63 x 7. He does the sum and writes the product on the board, followed by the sign of division: 441 ÷ 7. Instantly Händschen, with a celerity difficult to follow, gives three blows, or rather three violent scrapes with his right hoof and six with his left, which makes 63, for we must not forget that in German they say not sixty-three, but three-and-sixty. We congratulate him; and, to evince his satisfaction, he nimbly reverses the number by marking 36 and then puts it right again by scraping 63. He is evidently enjoying himself and juggling with the figures. And additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions follow one after the other, with figures supplied by myself, so as to remove any idea of collusion. Händschen seldom blunders; and, when he does, we receive a very clear impression that his mistake is voluntary: he is like a mischievous schoolboy playing a practical joke upon his master. The solutions fall thick as hail upon the little spring-board; the correct answer is released by the question as though you were pressing the button of an electric push. The pony's flippancy is as surprising as his skill. But in this unruly flippancy, in this hastiness which seems inattentive, there is nevertheless a fixed and permanent idea. Händschen paws the ground, kicks, prances, tosses his head, looks as if he cannot keep still, but never leaves his spring-board. Is he interested in the problems, does he enjoy them? It is impossible to say; but he certainly has the appearance of one accomplishing a duty or a piece of work which we do not discuss, which is important, necessary, and inevitable.

But the lesson suddenly ends with a joke carried rather too far by the pupil, who catches his good master by the seat of his trousers, into which he plants disrespectful teeth. He is severely reprimanded, deprived of his carrots, and sent back in disgrace to his private apartments.

When the experiments begin again, Krall, pointing to me, asks Muhamed if he remembers what his uncle's name is. The horse raps out an H. Krall is astonished and utters fatherly reprimands:—

"Come, take care! You know it's not an H."

The horse raps out an E. Krall becomes a little impatient: he threatens, he implores, he promises in turn carrots and the direst punishments, such as sending for Albert, the groom, who, on special occasions, recalls idle and inattentive pupils to a sense of duty and decorum, for Krall himself never chastises his horses, lest he should lose their friendship or their confidence. So he continues his reproaches:—

"Come now, are you going to be more careful and not rap out your letters anyhow?"

Muhamed obstinately goes his own way and strikes an R. Then Krall's open face lights up:—

"He's right," he says. "You understand: H E R, standing for *Herr*. He wanted to give you the title to which every man wearing a top hat or a bowler has the right. He does it only rarely and I had forgotten all about it. He probably heard me call you Herr Maeterlinck, and politeness and this excess of zeal augur a particularly good lesson. You've done very well, Muhamed, my child; you've done very well and I beg your pardon. Now kiss me and go on."

But Muhamed, after giving his master a hearty kiss, still seems to be hesitating. Then Krall, to put him on the right track, observes that the first letter of my name is the same as the first letter of his own. Muhamed strikes a K, evidently thinking of his master's name. At last, Krall draws a big M on the blackboard, whereupon the horse, like one suddenly remembering a word which he could not think of, raps out, one after the other and without stopping, the letters M A Z R L K, which, stripped of useless vowels, represent the curious corruption which my name has undergone, since the morning, in a brain that is not correct. He is told that this is not correct. He seems to agree, gropes about a little, and writes, M A R Z L E G K. Krall repeats my name and asks which is the first letter to be altered. The stallion marks an R.

"Good, but what letter will you put instead?"

Muhamed strikes an N.

"No, do be careful."

He strikes a T.

"Very good, but in what place will the T come?"

"In the third," replies the horse; and the corrections continue until my patronymic comes out of its strange adventure almost unscathed.—*Maeterlinck, in "The Unknown Guest."*

SHAKESPEARE.

[Address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society on the tercentenary celebration of the birth of Shakespeare, April 23, 1864. By James Freeman Clarke.]

Shakespeare lived in that period known as the Renaissance—the new birth of the human intellect. The great wave of mental life which rolled over Italy in the previous century at last reached the shores of England. Europe had discovered that there was knowledge outside of the Church formulas. The literature of Greece and Rome had been unlocked; and, instead of a barren theology and a dead philosophy, the intellect of mankind bathed in the pure waters of Hellenic and Latin knowledge. It was the fashion with men and women to read Homer and Plato, Sophocles and Euripides, Virgil, Tacitus, and Cicero. In England, at this time, the drama was the vehicle of instruction and entertainment. It took the place now occupied by newspaper and novel. The land swarmed with strolling players. Every great nobleman had his private company of actors. In London, in spite of the opposition of the Puritans, several theatres had been opened. Fourteen of them we find existing at the same time, in and near London, during Shakespeare's life. . . .

The top was opened to the sun and rain: the people stood in the pit, and sat on benches in the rooms and boxes, and also on the stage itself. There were few properties, and little scenery: sometimes they had to hang up a placard, on which was written, in large letters, "A Castle," "A Country House," "A Temple," "A Ship"; and the audience were thus requested to imagine themselves in the presence of these objects. The dining-hour in London being twelve, the plays began at three, and lasted two hours; admission at first, a penny; by and by, sixpence. Those who sat on the stage had a three-legged stool, and paid a shilling. . . .

We see how it was that Shakespeare did not print his plays himself in his lifetime. It was not because of any ostrich-like indifference to them, but simply that they did not belong to him. He had sold them to the theatre. We see also one reason of the corruptions of the text,—many of them had been pirated, and were printed from copies taken by the ear, and, as Heywood says of his, were "so corrupt and mangled, that I have been unable as to know them, as ashamed to challenge them." . . .

The history of opinion in regard to Shakespeare is one of the most interesting records of the progress of human ideas. He stands in the flowing current of thought, as the Nilometer in the Nile; and the level of taste and intelligence at any time is shown by its relation to him. As far up as it reaches on the mind of Shakespeare, so high is the rise of human thought. In his own day he was the most popular of writers. "The common people heard him gladly." Whenever his plays were performed, the Globe Theatre was full,—in the pit, box-rooms, galleries. But the literary men, though they liked him, rather treated him *de haut en bas*. His immense popularity with the people they could ignore: and Meres, in 1598, when Shake-

speare was thirty-four years old, mentions twelve of his plays by name; compares him with Ovid; calls him "honey-tongued Shakespeare"; speaks of "his sugared sonnets among his private friends"; and concludes, that, if the Muses spoke English, they would use his "fine-filed phrase." . . .

That King James liked Shakespeare was then counted to Shakespeare's honor: now it is a great thing for King James, and saves him from being thought only a pedant. Always those who believed they were judging Shakespeare were, in fact, only judging themselves.

In truth, these plays were not thought at first to belong to literature at all. The drama in England was a newly created form of art. Every new form of art is at first enjoyed without being admired; afterwards it is admired without being enjoyed. It comes to meet a popular desire or a real want; comes to be used, not to be looked at. Literary criticism has not reached it; considers it, in fact, below its level.

William Bosse, in 1621, requests Spenser, Chaucer, and Beaumont to lie a little nearer to each other in their graves, to make room for the "rare tragedian, Shakespeare." And, in the same style, Holland and Digges and Jasper Mayne, Davenant and Shirley, and the like, eulogize his wild fancy and irregular genius; till good Dr. Johnson comes and gives us the picture of "Time" toiling after him, and losing his breath trying to overtake him. Pope informs us that Shakespeare wrote for gain, and "became immortal in his own despite." Gray calls him "Nature's darling." Churchill says that "a noble wildness flashes from his eyes." . . .

Shakespeare may be said to have been rediscovered in Germany,—first by Lessing, afterwards by Goethe and his friends. Gervinus, whose work, lately translated, gives us the whole literature of the matter in two large volumes of exhaustive criticism, says that Lessing was the man who first valued Shakespeare according to his true desert, and Goethe the first who have an example of the true method of criticism. Then Schlegel and Tieck in Germany, Coleridge and Lamb in England, assisted in the rehabilitation of Shakespeare. They proved that he was as much of an artist as of a genius; that he is as full of wisdom as of fancy; that his supposed faults are often his greatest merits; and that no one is quite great enough yet fully to know him.

The effect on literature of this new-born love for Shakespeare was most beneficial. The dead, dry literature of the eighteenth century came to life when the body of Shakespeare touched it, as the corpse revived, and stood on its feet, when it touched the bones of Elisha.

Thus the opinion of the world, under the guidance of the greatest thinkers, has tended more and more to this result,—that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE stands at the summit of human intelligence; that of all mankind, since creation, his is the supreme intellect. But, if so, this conclusion follows,—that the imagination is the highest intellectual faculty; for, in him, all others were subordinate to that. That power of creation, almost divine, which most likens man to God, was supreme in him. Compare him with other thinkers; with great metaphysicians, like Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Bacon; and how poor does their analysis seem by the side of his majestic synthesis! They can take a man to pieces: he can create new men. Consider great mathematicians and naturalists, like Newton, Galileo, Leibnitz, Pascal: they can observe the laws of nature which are the skeleton of the universe; but Shakespeare brings before us the universe itself, vitalized and harmonious in every part. All master intellects make use of the imagination: nothing can be done in the world without it. Imagination is the most practical of all the intellectual faculties: it collects all the broken and scattered knowledges of the mind into one complete picture. But in most thinkers, even in great thinkers, it is the servant of other faculties. The one distinction between Shakespeare and all others is this,—that in him all other faculties were subordinated to this: he was, as he describes his poet, "of imagination all compact." Observations, reason, memory, wit, humor, the analytic judgment, the critical understanding,—all were its willing servants; all brought their gifts of gold and silver, iron and stone, gems and pearls, to be used by this imperial faculty. No matter what is the special theme and spirit of his subject: it comes immediately and submissively under the rule of its king and chief. In his historic plays, or histories, memory is the chief servant of the imagination. It brings the characters, events, costume, and tone of a past age, taken bodily out of books or previous plays, but they are all immediately harmonized and vitalized by the creative idea. We are carried back to the streets of Rome in the days of Cæsar. Faithfully taking his facts from Plutarch in Thomas North's translation (1579), he places us behind the scenes; shows us Rome as it looked to the eyes and mind, first of Brutus, then of Cæsar, then of Antony. All the minutest details he accepts from Plutarch: he copies the text

with a servile fidelity, and then, by this wonderful power, breathes life into this dry dust of history. If we had been in Rome at the time of Cæsar's death, we should not have known as much of it as we can now know through the mediation of Shakespeare.

In these histories his imagination is served by memory; but in such dramas as the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," another faculty—namely, FANCY—is called up to show its loyalty to the same chief. As memory, uncontrolled by imagination, gives only dry and dead facts, showing the mere outside of things, details unconnected by any law; so fancy, uncontrolled by imagination, gives no clear picture, but only kaleidoscopic changes. We have enough of wild fantastic fairy tales, extravaganzas where no law restrains the wilfulness of fancy; but Shakespeare's fairies—like Ariel, like Puck, like Oberon, like Titania—are persons. Though the whole scene is in Dreamland, yet here Dreamland becomes a reality, has laws of its own, a unity pervading and restraining all its wildest variety; showing that one idea is steadily in the master's mind, polarizing all details toward itself.

Then take another class of plays,—the reflective dramas, like "Hamlet," like "Lear," or "Othello." Here the characteristic faculty at work throughout is reason,—and analytic reason. These masterpieces are strictly philosophic studies of human nature. The human mind is searched to the core, tried by every test and reagent,—shocked by terror, melted by passion, dissolved in grief and pity, put into the fiery crucible of terrible anguish, subjected to the question of torture, till every element of human nature is disclosed. And yet, during all this most destructive analysis, the central life of each person remains: the personal identity is not reached. Hamlet, Lear, Othello, do not fall apart into abstractions of jealousy, rage, misanthropy: they remain persons, and their lives are the real lives of men.

Then there are the social dramas,—charming scenes of daily life. Refined social intercourse; brilliant dialogue; development of character by conversation, not by events, in the absence of any story,—make the staple. The faculty which prevails in these plays is that which we call *wit*, especially that more refined order of wit which appears in the conversation of brilliant women. "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Twelfth Night," are dialogue plays of this sort. The main element in all is dialogue. "As You Like It," "The Winter's Tale," and "Love's Labor's Lost" differ from these only in having more of nature. In the first, the outdoor life of the woods, inhabited by dukes and lords, gives a picnic tone to the conversation. In the "Winter's Tale," a more rustic and wilder rural society of shepherds and clowns, and the air of the hills, cause nature to predominate over man. But in each of these pieces the ideal power masters the subject-matter; and we may say of each and every play, as Ovid says of the golden palace of the gods:—

"Materiam superabat opus."

To each there is one tone, one spirit, one life.

Some of the plays are so purely poetical as to be almost lyrics, as "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Some are saturated with humor, as the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the "Comedy of Errors," and "Twelfth Night." But whether the element of the piece is comedy, is poetry, is philosophy, is fancy, is history, is outward nature, each one has its own pervading life, is a unit, is a whole, because of the steady mastery of that grand imaginative faculty which always keeps one idea supreme, and subordinates to that all details.

This creative, unifying power of imagination causes Shakespeare's characters to become so many real beings added to mankind. We refer to them as illustrations of human nature, as examples of human conduct, just as we should to real beings. In one sense he has created another world, and peopled it with another race of men and women. Were Shakespeare's characters obliterated, we should lose about as much as if so many of Plutarch's heroes were annihilated.

It is not so with the creation of other writers. Take the characters of Scott, of Schiller, of Goethe: they are not quite persons. They owe something to costume, to circumstances. Take an every-day man, and educate him in the Middle Ages as a knight, and you have Ivanhoe; take the same man, and let him be brought up in Scotland in the days of John Knox, and you have Halbert Glendinning. In Goethe's characters you get a glimpse of Goethe himself; in Scott's, you catch the twinkle of the sheriff's eye. "Tasso" is only Goethe as he might have been if he had been an Italian in his Werther-period. So it is with the dramatists of Shakespeare's own day. Massinger's villains only pretend to be villains; the nobleness of Philip Massinger shines out of their generous faces presently. Ben Jonson's *dramatis personæ* are variations of that sturdy, hard-working, crabbed, poetic, prosaic, ill-adjusted great man. But each one of Shakespeare's men and women is as distinctly, though often as slightly, in-

dividualized as the leaves of the neighboring trees,—almost the same, yet forever immutably different. Especially does this appear in his women. Read Mrs. Jameson's work on his female characters, and notice how each of the lovely creatures is her own sweet self, though like enough to the others to be their sister.

Thus there is something of the lay figure in the work of other authors, even the greatest. They are built up from without. Take away what is due to the times, to their situation, to their education, and to certain external habits, and they lose all individuality. But Shakespeare's grow from within. Shylock is not merely a Jewish miser, embittered against Christians by ill-usage: he is, first of all, Shylock himself. Falstaff is not merely a glutton, a drunkard, a buffoon: back of all these habits is the individual man. Othello is not a picture of jealousy only; Iago of cruel intellectual malice: they are persons with these habits of mind and states of feeling.

And consider the most marvellous of them all,—Hamlet; the most wonderful, because in this the artist has gone wholly out of his own age and century, and come down to ours. Hamlet belongs, not to the sixteenth-century period of vernal and luxuriant growth, but rather to an epoch in which reflection often outweighs action. Hamlet is a man sick of life before he has begun to live; to whom "all the uses of the world seem stale, flat, and unprofitable"; "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Overthought has paralyzed the will-power in Hamlet. He is in a condition of *moral catalepsy;* seeing and knowing everything, but incapable of motion,—staying in any position in which he happens to be. This moral torpor of Hamlet gives its gray tone to the whole play. How different is the character of Macbeth! Here, Shakespeare, instead of throwing himself forward three centuries, has gone back five. Macbeth hesitates over his deeds, as Hamlet does, but not from the same cause. His indecision comes from too little power of reflection, not from too much. Hamlet is like a man dazzled by too much light; Macbeth, like one groping in the dark. A wild, rude, half-savage stream of life rushes like a mountain torrent through one play; a languid stream, half hidden with fogs, creeps through the other.

The conclusion to which we are brought by these studies of Shakespeare's genius is, that man is really what the ancients called him,—a microcosm, a little world. Though it is evident that the powers of observation in our poet were extraordinary, yet observation could never have given him this knowledge of man and life. The soul of man has unexplored depths of latent knowledge, which the imagination uses in these creations. . . .

No doubt the imagination, in its full activity, kindles the memory. We see examples of this in our dreams, where this creative spirit prepares a stage, scenery, actors, and introduces us as one of the persons in a tragedy or comedy in which we take a part, without knowing beforehand what the *dénouement* is to be. Awaking from such a dream, we have noticed that the characters in it were well preserved throughout, and that it had a plot of its own, though we did not ourselves know what it was to be; and yet we had arranged it ourselves.

When we speak of the great MORAL influence of Shakespeare, we do not mean morality after the letter, but after the spirit. We do not mean that his plays wind up with a moral, that each one teaches a distinct ethical proposition, or that they are construed on the plan sometimes called *moral*—of rewarding the good by earthly success, and punishing the wicked with temporal losses. Shakespeare's moral influence is of a far higher order than this. It lies in his firm persuasion that this world is God's world; that all things, therefore, have a divine and sacred meaning; that nobleness tends upward, and sin downward. *That* influence is most moral which most inspires us with love for goodness; which makes faith, integrity, generosity, purity, seem infinitely charming and lovely; and shows sin, however successful in appearance, to be a miserable failure. Whatever makes us love goodness, and hate sin, is most moral; and this is what Shakespeare always does.

Considered in this light, Shakespeare's writings have a high moral influence. He never makes evil fascinating. His villains are often sagacious, and highly intellectual like Iago; often very droll and witty, like Falstaff: but they are *never* made attractive; we never like them, nor what they do. Did ever any temperance orator hold up such a picture of the evils of a debauched life as we have in the last days of Sir John Falstaff, drivelling, silly, fallen from the society of princes into that of Pistol and Dame Quickly? The successful ambition of Macbeth, forcing its way up to the royalty of Scotland, might seem, if wicked, yet full of energy and courage. But Shakespeare withdraws the veil, and shows us how weak, vacillating, cowardly, and empty is such ambition and

such success. Not a word of moralizing meantime: he shows us the moral; he does not tell us of it. . . .

Perhaps the one feature of Shakespeare which gives most purity to his works is his real respect for woman. He has seen bad women; some of his sonnets are addressed to a woman whose thousand errors he notes, but says that his five senses, seeing those errors, cannot "dissuade his one foolish heart from serving her." Yet whoever knows the corrupt, cynical tone in which woman and love were spoken of by Shakespeare's predecessors and successors, must wonder at his perception of woman's purity, truth, and nobleness. He *could* paint wicked women, like Lady Macbeth; frail women, like Cressida; unpoetic women, like Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford; vulgar women, like Dame Quickly; and a fine lady, like Beatrice. But he most loved to draw, with delicate pencil dipped in celestial tints, characters of the snowy purity of Imogen, the saintly grace of Isabella, the brilliant intelligence of Portia, the poetic soul of Miranda, the devoted tenderness of Desdemona. Never was such an offering of reverence laid at the feet of woman as Shakespeare has presented in characters like these. And, to complete the expression of his admiration and homage, he has selected his most satanic creation,—the one who neither belived in God nor man,—and put into his mouth that kind of contempt toward the whole sex which folly and wickedness have in every age hastened to utter, thereby pronouncing their own condemnation. It is Iago, the bitter cynic, the man who has no faith in virtue; the cold materialist; the man to whom a ruined character seems a less evil than a broken head,—this is the one whom Shakespeare has selected to utter the stock satires, the regulation witticisms, against woman; and he could not show his reverence for woman more than by making Iago her libeller. Therefore, if the happiness and virtue of the world, and the progress of society, depend, as they do, on the position which woman occupies, and the esteem in which she is held, Shakespeare's influence may be considered as one of the motors in Christian civilization.

This being his view of woman, his idea of love is high and noble. Coleridge says, "There is not a vicious passage in Shakespeare, though many gross ones, for grossness belongs to the age"; the age of such writers as Beaumont and Fletcher; and afterward of Dryden.

Shakespeare's drama, amid such associates, was like the Lady in "Comus" among the obscene and riotous company around her. The love he describes was of the soul. The reasons his heroes give for loving are such as these:—

"For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed, in my constant soul."

The lower fascination of love he describes thus, in lines which do not contain one feeling which is not spiritual and refined:—

"Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive."

And how noble is Portia's confession of her affection for Bassanio, and the pure womanly surrender of herself, her possessions, her high position, as the princely heiress of Belmont! Mrs. Jameson, quoting the passage, says it has a consciousness and tender seriousness approaching to solemnity:—

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. But the full sum of me
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this,—she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she may learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

. . . . . .

His wisdom is for all times. He possessed knowledge of man, in each of its three forms, more than any other writer. He knew *human nature*, or the common soul with its depths and heights,—those universal principles the same in all. Then he knew man as an *individual*,—not the same, but various, each one himself, no one like another. And thirdly, he knew *mankind*,—man in action, the social man; that is, he knew man in repose, man in personal development, and man in society.

This last knowledge is what we name Wisdom, as the first is Philosophy, and the second is Dramatic Genius. The wisdom of life, the same in all ages; the proverbial wisdom of Solomon, of Saadi, of Æsop, of Dr. Franklin; the sayings which guide men in all affairs great and small,—this is what makes him our teacher, the common teacher of all thinking men in all ages. England and America especially, whose tongue he

speaks, have both been taught by him. Perhaps they never needed his teachings more than now.

Three hundred years have passed since Shakespeare was born; and he is still the educator of the English, German, and American intellect. His works are the university where the teachers of our land are themselves taught. The great inventions which have come since his time, and have revolutionized England and America, are of trivial importance compared with his thought and speech.

Mr. Emerson, whose essay resumes in itself most of our best thoughts concerning this great master, says: "He wrote the airs for all our modern music; he wrote the text of modern life,—the text of manners; he drew the man of England and Europe; the father of the man in America; he read the hearts of men and women, their probity and second thought and wiles,—the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices slide into their contraries; he drew the fine demarcations of freedom and fate; he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature; and all the sweets and terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly, but as softly, as the landscape lies in the eye."—*From Memorial and Biographical Sketches, by James Freeman Clarke.*

CORDELIA OF KING LEAR.

There is in the beauty of Cordelia's character an effect too sacred for words, and almost too deep for tears; within her heart is a fathomless well of purest affection, but its waters sleep in silence and obscurity,—never failing in their depth and never overflowing in their fulness. Everything in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive. The character appears to have no surface, no salient points upon which the fancy can readily seize: there is little external development of intellect, less of passion, and still less of imagination. It is completely made out in the course of a few scenes, and we are surprised to find that in those few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection, and materials enough for twenty heroines. If "Lear" be the grandest of Shakespeare's tragedies, Cordelia in herself, as a human being, governed by the purest and holiest impulses and motives, the most refined from all dross of selfishness and passion, approaches near to perfection; and in her adaptation, as a dramatic personage, to a determinate plan of action, may be pronounced altogether perfect. The character, to speak of it critically, as a poetical conception, is not, however, to be comprehended at once, or easily; and in the same manner Cordelia, as a woman, is one whom we must have loved before we could have known her, and known her long before we could have known her truly.

Schlegel, the most eloquent of critics, concludes his remarks on "King Lear" with these words: "Of the heavenly beauty of soul of Cordelia I will not venture to speak." Amid the awful, the overpowering interest of the story, amid the terrible convulsions of passion and suffering, and pictures of moral and physical wretchedness which harrow up the soul, the tender influence of Cordelia, like that of a celestial visitant, is felt and acknowledged without being quite understood.

Like a soft star that shines for the moment from behind a stormy cloud and the next is swallowed up in tempest and darkness, the impression it leaves is beautiful and deep, but vague.

It appears to me that the whole character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action,—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakespeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. The first part of the play shows us how Cordelia is loved, the second part how she can love. To her father she is the object of a secret preference; his agony at her supposed unkindness draws from him the confession that he had loved her most, and "thought to set his rest on her kind nursery." Till then she had been "his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age most dearest!" The faithful and worthy Kent is ready to brave death and exile in her defence; and afterwards a further impression of her benign sweetness is conveyed in a simple and beautiful manner, when we are told that "since the lady Cordelia went to France, her father's poor fool had much pined away." We have her sensibility "when patience and sorrow strove which should express her goodliest," and all her filial tenderness when she commits her poor father to the care of the physician, when she hangs over him as he is sleeping, and kisses him as she contemplates the wreck of grief and majesty.

To complete the picture, her very voice is characteristic, "ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

But it will be said that the qualities here exemplified—as sensibility, gentleness, mag-

nanimity, fortitude, generous affection—are qualities which belong, in their perfection, to others of Shakespeare's characters—to Imogen, for instance, who unites them all; and yet Imogen and Cordelia are wholly unlike each other. Even though we should reverse their situations, and give to Imogen the filial devotion of Cordelia, and to Cordelia the conjugal virtues of Imogen, still they would remain perfectly distinct as women. What is it, then, which lends to Cordelia that peculiar and individual truth of character, which distinguishes her from every other human being?

It is a natural reserve, a tardiness of disposition, "which often leaves the history unspoke which it intends to do"; a subdued quietness of deportment and expression, a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions, her language, and her manner; making the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what we know to be the feeling within. Not only is the portrait singularly beautiful and interesting in itself, but the conduct of Cordelia, and the part she bears in the beginning of the story, is rendered consistent and natural by the wonderful truth and delicacy with which this peculiar disposition is sustained throughout the play.

"Tous les sentiments naturels ont leur pudeur," was a *viva voce* observation of Madame de Staël, when disgusted by the sentimental affectation of her imitators. The *pudeur*, carried to an excess, appears to me the peculiar characteristic of Cordelia.—*From Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

BREAKING THE CHARM.

Just below the town, which stood near Cairnstone Abbey, and near the margin of the river, there was a hamlet of small houses where a great many children lived. These children were very active and joyous, and very fond of play, but they had no good places to play in.

Like other such children, too, they were often quite impolite to each other. Indeed, they often actually quarrelled.

The reason why they had no good place to play in was that the houses where they lived were built in a row along the water, pretty close to the bank, with just room enough for a road between them and the water. Back of the houses was a high wall, which the children could not get over. What there was on the other side of the wall they did not know.

Just below the houses, down the river, there was a place where the children used to go to play, but it was not a good place. If there had been a good smooth beach by the water, with pebbles upon it, they would have liked very much to have gone there. They would, in that case, have had very good times running about on the beach, and throwing the pebbles into the water, and building houses and gardens in the sand.

But there was no beach. The ground near the margin of the stream was marshy, and was all overgrown with flags and bulrushes. There were some places where the cows had gone down to the water to drink; but the ground was so soft in there that the cows, instead of making a good path where they had gone down, had only trampled up the ground, and made it all mud and mire. It was worse, in fact, than if the cows had not gone there at all.

Beyond this swampy place, toward the land, was a steep bank. This bank was so hard that the children could not dig in it, and it was so steep that they could not go up and down, so that it was no use to them at all. It was only in the way.

On the top of the bank was the road, and beyond the road, and close to it, was the high wall again.

One pleasant summer afternoon, when the school was done, several of the children that lived in those houses went on the bank to play. There was one boy among them named Crony. There was another whose name was Theodore, but the boys generally called him Dory.

Just then a man came along the road driving a cart. He called out to the children, in a loud and angry manner, to get out of the road.

"Get out of the road," said he, "and keep out of it. The road is no place for you to play in. You'll get run over some of these days.

"Mind, now, that after this you keep out of the road, or you'll get run over some of these days. The road is no place for you to play in."

"Where *shall* we play, then?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know," said the man; "that is none of my business."

Soon after this, some of the boys succeeded in scrambling down the bank at a place where it was broken away in such a manner as to afford some foothold, and the girls, after a while, succeeded in following them. Each had to get down as well as she could by herself, for nobody offered to help any other person. When they got down, Nanne and

ory, happening to stand near each other, id to be looking in the same way, saw a ower growing among the bulrushes just efore them. Nanne saw it first, and sprang rward to get it; but Dory, almost at the me instant, made a rush for the flower in der to get it for himself. The two children me violently together at the place where e flower was growing, and Nanne was erthrown by the shock, and fell down nong the bulrushes, while Dory seized upon e flower.

Nanne got up from her fall with her clothes l wet and muddy. Then followed many gry criminations and recriminations, adesses from one to the other, while Dory ore away the flower in triumph.

Things went on this way for some time, ntil at last the sun began to go down. ill, as it was a pleasant summer's afternoon, the children would have liked to stay nger and play, if there had been any good ace for them; but there seemed to be no ace at all. All the ground that lay near e water was low and swampy and the nk there was only a very narrow space of rd ground, and this was covered with ones, and was otherwise so rough that it as almost impassable. The children, however, made their way along this narrow ace for some distance until at length they rned round a point of land and came into little bushy dell; and there, seated on a ck among the bushes, the foremost of the rty suddenly beheld Minigo.

"Ah!" said she, "here's Minigo."

"Yes," said Augusta, "and she will help ."

"What do you want me to do for you?" ked Minigo.

"We want you to find us a better place play," replied one of the children.

"I could find you a better place to play, you were not so impolite."

"So impolite!" repeated several of the ildren.

"Yes," said Minigo, "you are all very polite. You are not kind to each other. ou do not help each other, but are always uarrelling and disputing. If I were to take ou to the place that I know, your quarrels nd disputes, and the rude things that you ould say and do, would break the charm."

"Oh, no," said the children, "we would ot do any such things. Try us, Minigo; st try us once, and you will see how polite e'll be. We'll be as polite as possible."

"Ah! yes," said Minigo, "that's what ildren always say. 'Try us,' they say; ust try us once and see how good we will e.' But the kind of goodness that you only put on for the sake of getting something by it does not last long."

"Ah! but try us once," said the children.

"Well," replied Minigo, "I've no objection to trying you, but I know the plan will not succeed. You will begin very soon to say and do some rude, or impolite, or selfish thing, and that will break the charm."

"Try us, Minigo," said the children; "just try us, and you will see. Try us, Minigo."

"Very well," said Minigo; "come with me."

So saying, Minigo led the way, and the children followed up a little dell where they had found her till they came to a place where there was a large willow-tree growing on the upper part of a sloping bank.

"Now, children," said she, "all sit down upon this bank."

The bank was smooth and green, but the surface of it was formed of little grassy ridges, which furnished very good seats. So the children sat down and waited, wondering what Minigo was going to do next.

"Now," said Minigo, "I want the boys to make me a fire. Gather up all the little sticks that you can find lying around here, and pile them up on that flat stone, so as to make a fire."

So the boys gathered up all the sticks that lay about the ground, and piled them up upon a broad flat stone that lay in front of the tree. Then Minigo gave one of the boys a match, and he went and set the sticks on fire.

"Now all come back," said Minigo, "and sit down on the grass again, under the tree, and watch the fire.

"Now I'm going to talk to you and sing to you," said Minigo; "and, if you grow sleepy, and your eyes feel as if they wanted to shut, you can let them shut."

So Minigo began to talk in a low and murmuring sort of tone, and as she talked her voice gradually turned into singing, and her words into a song.

"Here we are sitting all together under this willow-tree. You can look at the fire, and then you can shut your eyes. Sitting around the willow-tree, look and see! look and see! or shut your eyes and go with me. But you must not be rude, or do any harm, unless you wish to break the charm—break the charm—break the charm—unless you wish to break the charm. If anything rude you say or do, boy or girl, no matter who, If anything rude you do or say, you'll break the charm and spoil the play."

By this time Minigo was in full song, and the children were almost asleep. The last

they heard were these words, uttered in a sweet but rather plaintive tone of voice, which came from some concealed place in the willow behind them, where Minigo was hidden.

"Sitting around the willow-tree,
Shut up your eyes and go with me.
But if anything rude you say or do,
Girl or boy, no matter who—
If anything rude you do or say,
You will break the charm and spoil the play."

While Minigo was singing the song, the children's eyes were closing, and they gradually lost sight of the fire, and of the smoke, and of everything else that was around them, and at length they found themselves coming to their senses in a place entirely different from the one where they had sat down under the willow-tree. They were all walking together up a beautiful winding road, with pretty trees and flowers on each side, toward a large iron gateway. The bars of the gate were painted green, and the points at the top were gilded.

Through the gate the children could see a beautiful park, with smooth green lawns, copses of shrubbery and flowers, here and there summer-houses, and pretty seats shaded by trellises. They had at first only a glimpse of these things through the gate, as they stood together in the road leading toward it.

"Ah!" said Crony, "if we could only go in through that gate what a good time we could have!"

"You can go through," said Minigo. "We will go up to it, and you will see that they will open it and let us in. All come up to it with me."

So they began to walk up toward the gate. They went very slowly, stopping by the way every moment to look at the beautiful flowers that grew by the roadside, and also at the pretty birds and butterflies.

"Ah! Jenny," said Augusta, "what a pretty bonnet you have got on!"

The children now observed for the first time that they were all beautifully dressed. The old, worn, and ragged clothes, and the crushed and tumbled hats and bonnets which they usually wore, had disappeared, and their clothes were all nice, and clean, and new. The girls had pretty little bonnets on their heads, trimmed with ribbons of gay colors—pink, green, and blue; while the boys were equally nice in their own way. They were all exceedingly delighted to perceive this change, and they spent several minutes in expressing their mutual admiration.

"See what a pretty bonnet I have got!" said Augusta. "Look, Nanne. See what pretty pink ribbons!"

"Yes," said Nanne; "but it is not half a pretty as mine. My ribbons are blue."

The instant these words were uttered, a strange, heavy sound was heard, halfway between a growl and a rumble, which startled all the children. Some thought it was thunder; others, that it was some great wild beast near them. They looked eagerly around, and saw that it was growing dark. The flowers began to fade away, and all the outlines of the scenery around them grew dim and disappeared. They all felt strangely bewildered too, and they seemed to forget where they were; but pretty soon they found themselves opening their eyes and coming to their senses under the willow-tree, sitting just as they were when Minigo began to sing them her song, and wearing all their old ragged, and tattered clothes again.

"Why, Minigo," exclaimed Augusta, "where are we?"

"We had to come back," said Minigo. "You broke the charm and spoiled the play."

"Who broke the charm?" asked Nanne.

"You did it," replied Minigo.

"How?" asked Nanne, quite surprised.

"By saying something rude," said Minigo.

"Why, Minigo," said Nanne, "what did I say that was rude? I only said that my bonnet was prettier than Augusta's, and it was. Blue is a great deal prettier than pink."

"No," said Augusta, "I do not think so. I think that pink is a great deal prettier than blue."

"Hush, children!" said Minigo; "you must not dispute about it any more. It was a rudeness for Nanne to say so, whatever she thought, and it broke the charm."

"I don't see why it was a rudeness," said Nanne.

"It is always a rudeness to praise what we have ourselves," said Minigo, "and to disparage what others have, or to boast of our things, or display them to the disadvantage of others in any way. The reason it is a rudeness is because it gives pain. Nobody likes to be told that their things are not as pretty as ours. Do you like to be told so?"

"Why, no," said Nanne.

"It always makes you unhappy to be told so," said Minigo, "and when you tell other people so you make them feel unhappy. So you broke the charm and spoiled the play."

"But ah! Minigo," said one of the boys, "take us to that place again. If you will take us there again, we will be very careful and we won't do the least thing. Just take us once more."

"It would not do any good," said Minigo. "Some of you would do something rude very soon, I am sure, and that would break the charm again. Besides, I could not take Nanne again."

"Ah! Minigo," said Nanne, in a supplicating tone, "try me once more—just once more."

"I would if I could," said Minigo, "but I cannot. I can try the rest again if you will stay here."

Nanne was very much chagrined to find that it was all over with her; but she knew very well that what Minigo once said was law, and could not be resisted. So she submitted, and said no more.

"I will try the rest of you there again," said Minigo, "but I am pretty sure you will stay only for a very little while. Some one or other of you will do something very soon to break the charm."

"I am determined that I won't," said one of the boys, in a very positive manner.

"Nor I," "Nor I," said several of the other children.

"Why is it that you are so determined?" asked Minigo.

"Because we want to stay and see that pretty place," said the children.

"And now don't you see that that is a selfish reason?" said Minigo. "If you truly felt kindly toward each other, and if you wished sincerely to make each other happy, then your hearts would prompt you to be kind in all that you should say or do. But when you mean to be polite because you have something to gain by it, you see I can't depend upon you at all."

"Sit over, Jim!" said one of the boys to his neighbor, giving him a push, at the same time, with his elbow: "sit over! You crowd me."

"There!" said Minigo; "if you were to speak to any one in that tone and manner when we are in the beautiful garden, how soon it would break the charm!"

The boy looked ashamed, and moved himself along so as to make room.

"And now, boys," said Minigo, "the fire has burned down a little. Get some more sticks, and make it burn up brighter again."

So the boys gathered more sticks and put upon the fire, and then they all came and sat down under the willow-tree again, just as they had done before.

"Now," said Minigo, "I'll try once more to take you to see the beautiful garden, but I am sure that we shall not stay there long. It will not be long before some of you will be rude. The reason why I think so is because I see that you are determined not to be rude, not because you are kind in heart toward each other, but because you wish to stay and see the gardens. But that's a motive that I can't depend upon at all. It's not according to my old rule."

"What is your old rule?" asked Augusta.

"This is it," said Minigo:—

"Not to be rude in what you do or say,
Be kind in heart—there is no other way."

"That's a good rule," said Augusta. "But try us, Minigo; just try us once."

"Yes," said Dory, "we'll be kind in heart if you'll only let us go and see those gardens again. Just try us."

"Very well," said Minigo, "I'll try you."

—*Jacob Abbott.*

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE DANGER OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Much has been written lately in the press regarding the great danger from the prevalence of "hydrophobia" in New York City and elsewhere, and much more of the same tenor will doubtless be written before the season is far advanced. Will you allow me a brief space for a few ideas on this subject?

In the first place, if there be any one point absolutely certain and established, it is that the danger of getting the above disease has been greatly exaggerated, and that the great majority of alleged cases, of not only "hydrophobia" in man, but also "rabies" in the dog, have been cases of some other disease. It is also easy to see whence comes the influence causing this dread and delusion. The year following the opening of the first "Pasteur Institute" in Paris, in 1885, the number of "hydrophobia" patients treated in that city leaped to three thousand; previous to that, Paris could boast of only about thirty "cases" a year! True "hydrophobia" is a disease so rare that it is not considered worth mentioning in mortality reports. Well-known medical investigators who have been searching for many years for authentic cases have failed to find one. Such are Dr. Lutaud of Paris; Dr. Bell-Taylor of England; Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia; Dr. E. C. Spitzka of New York; Professor J. W. Hearn of Philadelphia; Dr. Hiram Corson and Dr. Thomas Mayo. It is a notorious fact that, all over the world, societies and institutions that have the handling of thousands of vicious dogs, frequently biting their keepers, never hear of the disease.

But spurious cases, caused by nervous

dread, are common. As in the case of Mme. Chevalier, of Paris, instances have occurred from "suggestion" alone, where the patient has not been bitten at all! Such cases, it is no injustice to say, are the product of the morbid fear disseminated and fostered by "Pasteur Institutes." These concerns do a great business throughout the world. But on what basis? I have before me a record, carefully revised from year to year, which shows that up to January 1 of the present year 1,857 deaths from "hydrophobia" have occurred among patients who have undergone the "Pasteur treatment" according to directions, in many of which cases the animals which did the biting remained alive and well! In this record names, dates, and other particulars are given.

The "Pasteur method" depends for its commercial success on the most colossal pretensions and distortion of facts and figures. Among its "patients" are numbered those bitten by "rabid" dogs and those bitten by animals only "suspected!" Again, dogs are often "found" to have been rabid by post-mortem examination and by inoculating other animals with portions of their brain or spinal cord, both of which methods are denounced as inconclusive by leading scientists, such as Dr. Colin of Alfort and Professor Fleming of England. Many substances, such as common soap, when inoculated into animals, produce meningitis, the symptoms of which are almost identical with those of rabies; Surgeon-General Sternberg has even produced these symptoms in rabbits with his own saliva! Moreover, it is well known that, with no treatment whatever, from 90 to 95 per cent. of those bitten by actually "rabid" dogs recover. All these facts tend to show that the statistics of the "Pasteur Institutes" are absolutely farcical, and as a consequence they are ridiculed by every leading scientific authority who has carefully investigated, and who charge them with actually causing "hydrophobia" in many patients by their inoculations with diseased animal matter. This pernicious and most dangerous principle of deliberately introducing into the life-current septic matter from "rabid" animals, has without doubt been the cause of numerous cases of "paralytic rabies" or "laboratory rabies" in patients. The late Dr. Michel Peter, the greatest clinical expert of France, said: "Pasteur does not prevent hydrophobia; he gives it." This opinion was indorsed by such scientific leaders as Dr. T. M. Dalon, F.R.C.S., Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, Dr. Charles Bell-Taylor, Surgeon-General Charles Gordon of England, and Professor Von Frisch of Vienna. The celebrated Dr. A. Lutaud, editor-in-chief of the *Journal de Médecine de Paris*, said in that journal on September 16, 1899, referring to the savants at the Pasteur Institute: "They have not diminished the mortality; they have augmented it, in creating the 'madness of laboratories,' very often fatal, with which they have inoculated a great number of individuals."

As the danger of "hydrophobia" in man has been viciously exaggerated, so has been that of "rabies" in the dog. It is safe to say that at least 99 out of every 100 alleged cases are cases of ill treatment, heat prostration, fits, thirst, stomach trouble, epilepsy or similar affections. A dog with true "rabies" does not froth at the mouth, neither does he go out of his way to attack but gives every indication of wishing to be let alone. These facts, however, have no weight with some people, whose arrogance and bigotry regarding our relation to the "lower animals" pass comprehension. One swears the life of one child is "worth all the dogs in the world"; another would have all the dogs in the State muzzled on account of one case of alleged "rabies." Man spends his life in abusing and slaughtering his fellow-creatures; but, forsooth, if some unfortunate member of that species most faithful to man, wild with ill treatment, or the diseases above mentioned, rushes he knows not whither, beset by imaginary foes, then Man joyfully seizes the opportunity to attack the sufferer with every convenient weapon, as in former days, under like conditions, he treated his fellow-man! And then, if bitten by his victim, he resorts to an "institute," founded on and perpetuating the horrible sufferings of artificially maddened creatures (a supply of which, in a state of madness, is constantly kept on hand, whether "used" or not), whose poisoned tissues he absorbs into his circulation as an antidote. Is not this a spectacle for gods and men?

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

DOG STORIES.

TRAIN SAVED BY A DOG.

Wabash passenger train due to pass Evans going east at 10.51 at night was saved from what might have been a most serious accident in a peculiar manner on Friday night last. Mrs. William P. Stapleton, who was on the train going to Fayette to visit her father, wrote back the facts.

It appears that the train had been delayed by a freight wreck, and after getting under

good speed and while running near Chillicothe not far from the midnight hour, the train was suddenly brought to a stop at a lonely place. The engineer and fireman saw a lantern swung across the track, and, as they afterwards claimed, felt almost certain that bandits were preparing to hold up the train. They brought their train to a stop, as they were required to do under the rules, when a farmer approached them excitedly and informed them that the bridge just ahead of them and around the curve was on fire; that he had been awakened by his dog barking, and when he looked towards the bridge near his house he saw the flames leaping up through the bridge. Although the train was already due, he had not heard it pass and hurried with all his might to give a warning that it might not plunge into the stream by going upon the burning bridge unwarned. How many lives would have been lost had not the faithful watch dog given the warning no one can guess, but those aboard the train will never forget their close call.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

BOY'S LIFE SAVED BY A COLLIE.

The noble work of a homeless brown collie saved the life of Eddie, the three-year-old son of Mrs. J. N. Lawrin, of San Francisco. Mrs. Lawrin was visiting in Los Angeles. While playing on the beach, the boy toddled too near the danger line in the water and the undertow caught and dragged him under. Struggling and helpless, hundreds of people saw the baby carried to death. Then the homeless dog jumped into the surf, swam out and caught the little one, and started shorewards. The boy was soon in his brother's arms uninjured. After the baby had been taken care of, the dog again rushed into the water and in a short time brought back the baby's cap from the surf.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

It is safe to say that any child brought up to be kind to animals will preserve through adult years a compassionate nature.—*Providence Journal.*

Our kindly contemporary is preaching sound doctrine. The child who is taught to love animals and to have a dog as a companion is introduced to a friend of the truest and best kind—the kind of friendship that lasts. Have you never had a dog? Then you don't know what pleasure can be had in his companionship in rambles, in his quiet presence in your room, his unobtrusiveness when human company would bore you; a little "chum" who always adapts himself to your mood when man or woman would jar upon you.

By all means cultivate in children a love of animals, especially of "man's best friend," the dog.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

MARCO KNEW.

A young girl was passing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:—

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear; I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the Garden. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

YOUR DOG.

The more you talk to a dog the better he likes it, and he times his temper to your every mood. Are you merry? He frisks

and frolics and jumps up at you with wild abandon. Are you sorrowful? He will lay his head softly on your knee, looking up into your face with adoring, kindly eyes that, far more prettily than any words, beg you to cheer up, and tell you that he, at all events, thinks you worthy of the utmost good fortune. The right kind of a dog never lets you forget how much he loves you.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE DOGS OF WAR.

We know the dog as policeman in Central Europe: as life-saver he has worked in the Alps for a thousand years. But the dog regularly enlisted in every great army of the world—whether in the Red Cross department or as scout and despatch bearer—is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian war, out of 129,000 casualties, 13,000 were returned as "missing"; and who shall say what agonies those unfortunates suffered? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog mitigating its horror.

The ambulance dog is entirely independent of artificial light, and relies only on his extraordinary power of scent. Last year, during the great Austrian manœuvres, two hundred men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded; and the stretcher bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had discovered them all.

Each dog carries about his neck a flask containing brandy or soup and also a roll of bandages. The wounded man, having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog his cap or belt, and the intelligent creature at once races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he conducts to the rescue with all speed.

Marvellous stories are told of the dogs which the Allied troops took with them to China for the suppression of the Boxer rebellion.

The French in Algeria have also used dogs in this way in their warfare with the Arabs. One canine favorite with the Oran garrison has just been raised to the rank of "sergeant" on account of his sagacity, for he can be used indifferently as scout, sentry, despatch bearer, or seeker for the wounded on the battlefield. He is a Russian borzoi. Other dogs in use by different armies are the shepherd dog, the Danish boarhound, the bloodhound, and crosses of these breeds.

It is the German army authorities who have adopted war dogs on the largest scale. Other armies have followed her example. It is realized that hundreds, if not thousands, of men may owe their lives to canine searchers, or at least the mitigation of terrible suffering, such as the dreadful thirst resulting from the loss of blood.

The Russian army in Manchuria employed hundreds of specially trained collies, and Captain Persidsky reported: "In finding the missing and wounded with which the millet fields were strewn, nothing even approached our pack of seven English dogs. In our last engagement fifty-three men were found more or less badly wounded in utterly unsuspected places, where the stretcher bearers and surgeons would never have even dreamed of looking."

As to Great Britain, every year her War Office authorities carry out exhaustive tests of war dogs. The dogs are specially trained in Forfarshire, Scotland, by Major E. Houtonville Richardson, of Carnoustie.

The great difficulty lies in having dogs trained and ready in sufficient numbers.—*From the Red Cross Magazine.*

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever be a weak spot in the foundation.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

—*Faber.*

We are learning that no one can see all of truth, that our doubting neighbor may be as honest as we are, that as many causes tend to make men think differently as alike; and we are also learning that the main thing is to cast out Satan, and not to walk together.

—*T. T. Munger.*

If we may not dogmatize concerning the immortal life, we may hope for it with a grand and purifying hope. Debarred from all petition, whether for material or spiritual things, we may still lift a reverent heart to the ideal and to the Infinite Reality which is, of all ideals, the source and end.

—*John White Chadwick.*

"And I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but
Sorrow."

—*J. B. O'Reilly.*

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

—*Hebrews* xii. 6.

Who can count up the amount of our debt to the great dreamers, the poets, the novelists, the dramatists, the makers of parables and allegories? These, too, are builders of civilization; or we might say that, as the rain drops upon the dry land for its refreshment, so do the products of a pure and gifted imagination fall with fertilizing power upon the common mind, nourishing all growths of beauty, culture, courtesy, and comradeship. Whenever in any company the talk is of a bright book, which all have read, what a gracious fellowship they share! What a true communion there is of mind and heart! Such is the ministry to mankind of a noble literature.—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. What mountain in Oregon might we wear?
2. What river in Montana do we drink?
3. What cape in New Jersey is associated with spring?
4. What cape of North Carolina do we dread?
5. What lake in Canada should we fear?
6. What cape of Greenland do we say to friends on parting from them?
7. What cape of Newfoundland is a beam?
8. What islands in the Pacific are the wisest?

—*St. Nicholas and The Beacon.*

II.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead absence of warmth, and leave not new or fresh.
2. Behead a cereal grass and its edible seed, and leave concreted sugar.
3. Behead to accompany and assist or protect, and leave the termination of being.
4. Behead the wild hog, and leave a slender implement to impel a boat.
5. Behead an offence, and leave a preposition.

III.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In tapioca, but not in sensible.
In rotifera, but not in menses.
In render, but not in spongy.
In pewit, but not in fennec.
In earthenware, but not in mast.
In deposit, but not in hodman.
In homestead, but not in plug.
In feeling, but not in oasis.
In osselet, but not in wind.

My *whole* is used in connection with Fourth of July celebrations.

IV.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Beguiling Traveller.
2. Warbled Scotia.
3. Wrote Wildly.
4. Good Poet Militaire.
5. Cherished Lunacy.

V.

TWISTED BIRDS.

1. Loboibnk.
2. Gelae.
3. Krelacg.
4. Kinihgfers.
5. Rulbedbi.
6. Kuyter.
7. Bonir.
8. Dovbenir.
9. Lekfcri.
10. Huntahct.

—*The Beacon.*

VI.

CONUNDRUM.

What is the longest word in the English language?

Answers to puzzles in the June number.

I. A FLOWERY ROMANCE.—Sweet William, Black-Eyed Susan, Daisy, Forget-Me-Not, Tulips, Aster, Roses, Bachelor's Buttons, Morning Glory, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Fox Gloves, Pink, Minn-an'Ett, Bouncing Bett, Four O'clock, Ten Weeks' Stock, Canterbury Bell, Trumpet Flower, Live Forever, Caraway.

II. AN ENDLESS CHAIN.—Donkey, key-note, notelet, letter, terror, roral, allot, lotto, tower, ergot, gotten, tender, derma, marine, renal, alarm, armor, mortal, tallow, Lowell, welldone.

III. CONUNDRUMS.—1. Damage. 2. Average. 3. Pottage. 4. Homage. 5. Mirage. 6. Carriage. 7. Courage. 8. Because the sea mews and barks come over the waves.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is The Brevard, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 48 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange until autumn. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

The value of Sunday as an institution is both in the rest it brings to the activities of the week and in the spiritual uplift, the moral stimulus it gives to the ordinary work of the community. The two are bound together. The harm that comes from turning Sunday into a mere day of recreation is not to the Church but to the world, because it deprives the world of power to work from the highest motive.